

THE
Tincklarian Doctor Mitchel's
PROPHETY

ADVERTISEMENT.

YE must know, that the Magistrates will not suffer me to give my Advice to the People in the *Skinner's-Hall*; And I and my poor small Famillie cannot Live upon the Wind, and I being a Man of Sence I looked about me, and I saw *Dou, Reid and Thomson* fatter then Kings, by selling Out-Landish Wine. I know all our Scots-Men are not mad, altho' we had once a mad Parliament, who makes me go to my Bed wanting my Supper; And it makes our great Men take the Silver and Gold from their Wives, and go away up to *London* with it, not only that, but it is the Occasion of many Cockolds: I know by Experience, what Difficulty I and my Wife had, when I left her three Months, when I was Persecuted out of *Edinburgh* to *Glasgow*.

My Advice is, that they take their Wives along with them, their Vots will be better then want. Now comes the Application which is the Life of a Sermon, That Money that ye give for Out-Landish Wine, Come to me with it, and ye shall have Ale better nor Wine in my Judgement, (ye know I do not want it.) So come to me with your Money and let us keep it among our selves, 'tis all one which of us have it, you or I. Come, come Gentlemen, more Money to me, and more Wit to you, and ye shall have great Light for nothing, ye have much need. I say again come, for the *Herring* in the *Grass-Marker* hath made me Dry.

An Observation, You must know that when ever our Nobility filled up their Cup of Iniquity at the *Horn-Order* in the *Abbey*, at the King's-House, then God sent a Judgment upon them and their Posterity, and the poor Trades-Men most suffer for it. If I do not drive the Minister Trade, I know not how to live; Selling of strong Drink is no good way of Living.

I'll News, *Denham* and *Brown* and *Herring* hath eaten all my Meal, and my salt Beeff, that I and my poor small Children should live upon all Winter: I believe *Hume* that keeps the Mort-Cloths, hath licked up three Bolls of it.

Ye may know, My last Book Prophesied of some of the Words of CHRIST at the Day of Judgment, and here I shall Prophecie of some of the Wicked's Words, on that great Day, by CHRIST's own Mouth his Words endureth for ever: And to let you see what He is Serious with us in Time, He crys that Word, (O four Times over) (That I mind) *Deut. 32 Chap. ver. 29. Ps. 81, ver. 13. Is. 48 Cap. ver. 18. Mat. 23, Chap. ver.*